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Lyceum Theatre Bldg.
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Monday, March 26.

Sweetheart mine:—

There aren't much I kin write to you — cause I'm all wint out. Nothing, except I dreamt of you last night — you were my first thought this morning — and my last thought to-night.

It is wonderously beautiful out doors to-day. The river! — Joe; there is where I can see Battery Park — the bench — and the water as it was that day. The water looks so calm and inviting and with the sun sparkling on it — oh — how it

park for recreation. So warm was the weather that all the kiddies were out in their little beds. They are darling. There was one little nigger pickaninny and I wish you could see him turn his face up to the glaring sun and sleep — as though he owned all the earth. Most of these children are infantile paralysis cases — some barely able to walk — with one leg almost useless. It just makes your heart ache to watch them — and yet they are so happy among themselves, too young yet to realize their affliction. Some of the parents are hopeful and insist

can make you long for a day of absolute freedom and frolick! It has a naughty effect on my peace of mind — but who can help it? It is the first thing that greets me in the morning and on these bright sunny days it is full of smiles.

Yesterday I spent two hours there. There was very little to do in the afternoon, so accompanied with a book, I was quite contented. About this time it was visiting time for the sick, and to see the visitors would make you feel as though you were in some park — some

agine they see improvement, yet many feel as I thought if there is any change for the better, it is so slight that it is hardly visible.

Now, don't forget to tell me how you spend yesterday: I hope the weather was as ideal there as we had it here — you surely could not have stayed indoors then.

I shall close with all my love for my lady.

Your toots.